



## A NEW SONG ON THE

### IRISH HARVESTS TRIUMPH OVER THE ENGLISH

Come all you true br'd Irishmen that are enclined to roam  
To resp' the Eng'ish h'rvest so far away fr'm home  
Be sure & provide good comrades that is both loyal & true  
For you'll have to fight both day & night with Jon Bull & his crew,

We sail'd away from Dublin quay & never received a shock  
Til we landed safe on shore one side of Clarence dock  
Where numbers of our Irish the met us in the town  
Saying hurra for Paddys lovely land that was the last went round.

They say we went with one consent to drink strong ale & wine  
And toast a flowing bumper to those we left behind  
We drank & sung & made the taverns ring dispising all our foes  
Of any man that notes the sweet land where Patricks Shamrock grows.

Next morning by the break of day as quickly you shall hear  
How one hundred & rong we massacred along without dread or fear  
Each man had a black horn stick they brought from Paddys land,  
And hooks that shined like polish'd steel or silver in their hand.

We tramp'd away for three long days high wages for to find  
On the following morning we met a railway line  
The natives they walk'd up to us & loudly they did rail  
They curse'd & damned the Paddies & the sons of Granuaile.

Up comes Barney Walsb & say's boys what do you mean  
Are we not men as well as you & hates a cowards name  
So leave our way without delay or some of you will fall  
For here we stand true Irish-men that never feard a call.

The natives curse'd & swore they would kill us every one  
And make us think of ninety-eight likewise Stevenamore  
Likewise our old freist they curse'd his bl as'd remains  
Which made the County Leit'n. boys burn with revenge.

Up comes Barney Reily & knocks the gang down  
The bricks & stones the flew like hail in showers al come down  
We fought from half-past four til the sun w' s going to set  
We'll fall, says we Irish boys sure we never can be set.

Come join with me my Countrymen review the fight once more  
We'll see our foes on every side more dreadful than before  
we'll let them know before we go we'll fight until we die  
For Ireland when at the worst woud rather fight than fly.

We roll'd back with Barney & challeng'd another round  
Like Sampson with the Philistines we laid them on the ground  
We fought our way through the long day w' d soon to give ore,  
We drov'd to them we were Irishmen from the sweet Shamrock shore.

When the fight began the steens time its then you'd see some fun  
The syths & hooks they flourish'd til these natives were undone  
These cowardly clan awed they ran with hearts & arms for  
They rememb'r Barney Reily & the boys of the Shamrock.